

THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXII, No. 16.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1941

FOUR PAGES

Christmas Fund Program Thursday, 10 p.m.

Vic Players Donate Performance to Fund Cec Cameron Donates Services To Christmas Fund Broadcast; To Bring 13 Piece Orchestra

Popular Dick MacDonald Also on Program

WEIR ORGANIZES

Campus Talent Featured

At 10 p.m. on Thursday night there will be broadcast from CKUA the biggest Christmas Fund program ever conceived or carried out at the University of Alberta. In aid of the annual Christmas Fund drive, the program this year will feature the 13-piece dance band of Cec Cameron, well known orchestra leader at Edmonton's own Macdonald Hotel. Cec has kindly donated the services of himself and his band to the Christmas Fund Committee. Also on the program will be campus talent

in the persons of Dick MacDonald, versatile announcer from CKUA, Ralph Weir, the popular director of the Provincial News Department, the C.O.T.C. band under the direction of Sgt. Sam Smolyk, members of the Philharmonic Society, who will sing selections from their forthcoming production, "The Pirates of Penzance"; Evan Wolfe and Don McCormick at the piano; Normal Madill, singer, and Viv Graham at the organ. Bill Mitchell will act as auctioneer.

Organized by Ralph Weir, the program will continue for two hours and will also feature the presence of Dr. Newton, acting president of the University, Bob Macbeth, chairman of the Christmas Fund Committee, and Jack Park, Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway.

Three subscriptions to The Gateway have been donated, and these will be divided as follows: two will go to the first two people phoning in a donation from any point outside of the area covered by the Edmonton telephone exchange; the other will be given to the person making the first donation that is opened.

Listeners are asked to support this broadcast, and are reminded that it is entirely a request program. All you need to do is 'phone in your donation and request any of the artists present to play or sing your number.

Fraternities and clubs are especially asked to tune in on Thursday night at 10 p.m. and support this magnificent drive for funds. The 'phones are 33330 and 32369, and operators will be at these 'phones as early as 9:30.

The Christmas Fund drive is an annual feature on this campus, and it is up to the students to support it. The purpose of the fund is to supply certain needy families in outlying districts with Xmas cheer that they might not otherwise receive.

REMEMBER: THURSDAY NIGHT
CKUA: 10 P.M. PHONES: 33330, 32369.

Students are requested not to attempt to attend the broadcast in Convocation Hall, as the doors will be locked so that there will be no interruption of the program.

Those listeners who heard last year's program will no doubt know exactly how it works and how money is made on such a project. For those students who are not familiar with the procedure, here is the idea in brief.

Above in this column you will find the names of several artists who have volunteered their services for the evening. Suppose, for example, you want to hear a selection by Cec Cameron and the orchestra. Simply phone either 33330 or 32369 and tell the young lady on the phone that you want to hear the orchestra play "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire." She will take down your name and address, and ask you what amount you wish to contribute to the Christmas Fund to hear the number. She will then hand the request over to the announcer on the show, and the number will be on the program in a very few minutes' time. That is just an example of procedure. The same idea is worked with all the people that have offered to contribute their services for the evening.

Also in connection with the program there is one other thing that we would like to bring to your attention. Essentially it is to make money for the Christmas Fund. With this in mind, and with only a limited time on the air, we would like to make a suggestion. It would facilitate things greatly if students would group together in as many cases as possible and phone in a donation for two dollars and fifty cents, representing the combined efforts of five students, rather than have us receive five different phone calls offering fifty cents each. Naturally, we are more than glad to receive even the smallest sum of money, but due to limitations on time, it would speed the program up and increase its revenue if the requests were

'Gineers Have Pre-exam Meet

Members of the Engineering Students' Society held their final meeting and smoker before Christmas holidays on Tuesday night, Dec. 9th, at 7:30 p.m., in Med 142.

Talking pictures on the "Building of the Golden Gate Bridge" were shown through the courtesy of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and were much appreciated by all present.

Discussion of the annual Engineers' Ball, which comes early in the new year, was started, but no definite plans have been reached as yet. Several ingenious suggestions were heard from members in this connection.

A sing-song of a sort was held, and refreshments were served as usual, the charge for the whole evening being only 10c. Oh, to be an Engineer! Their affairs are always so cheap (i.e. don't cost much), and so much fun.

Rear Admiral Will Address Med Students

One of the most noted surgeons in the British Empire, Surgeon-Rear Admiral Gordon-Taylor of the Royal Navy, will address members of the Medical Undergraduate Society this afternoon at 4:30 p.m. in Med. 142. Rear Admiral Gordon-Taylor came to the continent on official business, and was persuaded at Ottawa to travel across Canada, giving lectures in all Canadian provincial capitals.

Tonight at 9 p.m., in the Medical Building, Rear Admiral Gordon-Taylor will speak to a meeting of Edmonton doctors and medical students in an illustrative lecture on the way in which the war has affected the military profession.

More Varsity Men For Army

Two more members of the University staff have been called to active service in His Majesty's forces this week. Capt. Douglas Smith of the Psychology Department will leave shortly for the same branch of the army as Dr. H. E. Smith of the Psychology Department and Mr. Healy of the French Department have joined—the newly formed personnel selection branch.

Dr. Ralph Carlyle of the Department of Soils, Faculty of Agriculture, has left for the coast to take training at Gordon Head Camp. A former student in Engineering at the University, John Tomlinson has also left for Gordon Head military camp. Both Dr. Carlyle and Mr. Tomlinson will be acting-sergeants.

handled in the manner in which we have suggested.

Just in concluding our remarks about the program, we would like to extend our thanks to Cec Cameron for arranging to bring a thirteen-piece combined dance and classical orchestra over for the broadcast, absolutely free of charge, and we would like to express the hope that we will receive the same grand co-operation from you, our listeners, that we have received from the participants in this, your show.

FRATERNITIES!

Get Together!!

Support the Christmas Fund Broadcast
Phone in your Group Donations

High School Dramatic Club To Present Play "What a Life" In Aid of Christmas Fund

Friday Night in Convocation Hall

TICKETS 25c

Tickets May be Obtained at Gateway Office

Varsity's annual Christmas Fund campaign, under the direction of President Bob Macbeth, is well under way this week, with plans for the program well organized. In another place on this page a story concerning the Christmas Fund radio broadcast scheduled for Thursday night appears.

Friday night an affair has been arranged by the Fund Committee: a performance of "What a Life" in Convocation Hall at 8:30 p.m., by members of the



President Bob Macbeth, chairman of the Christmas Fund and a one-man committee, takes time out from matters military to phone about arrangements for the big Christmas Fund broadcast to be put over CKUA Thursday night at 10 p.m.

Varsity Local A.T.A. Meets

At two o'clock on the afternoon of Dec. 9, 1941, the College of Education Local A.T.A. group held its first meeting in St. Joseph's College. Doris Berry, president of the class, called the meeting to order, and Dr. La-Zerte introduced the guest speaker, Mr. John W. Barnett, general secretary-treasurer of the Alberta Teachers' Association.

Mr. Barnett's purpose was to give to the students in the College of Education information regarding the history, organization and structure of the A.T.A.

In his introduction, he mentioned that in the last five years since the passing of the Teachers' Act, the A.T.A. has developed greatly, due to a considerable extent to its leaders, "men of competence, of the highest standing and qualifications."

Mr. Barnett then proceeded to a discussion of the history of the organization. Before the last war, "there was no body functioning throughout the year from whom teachers could secure help and advice." Only an annual meeting of teachers was held.

The outbreak of war brought a situation somewhat parallel to that which exists at the present time. Men and women teachers alike left their positions for active service or for war industries which paid higher wages than did teaching. Qualifications for teaching permits had to be lowered to prevent the closing of many schools. Wages sank lower, and there was no security of tenure, as school boards could void teachers' contracts on thirty days' notice.

Teachers realized the urgent need for an organization and legislation respecting salaries, qualifications and appointments and dismissals. It was a long, hard struggle, but the aims of the Teachers' Association have been generally fulfilled over a space of years. We need not be ashamed, Mr. Barnett stated, of having concentrated on the economic end of teaching.

Alberta today has the best tenured conditions of any province in the Dominion. Teachers also have a board of reference, a pension scheme, scholarship and research funds, and a professional library. They possess a voice in the University Senate and representation on the University Matriculation Board and on the certification committee, which is advisor to the Minister of Education.

Next, Mr. Barnett discussed the function of the organization itself. "The teaching profession may be termed a closed shop," he declared, but pointed out that the same conditions apply to the medical and other professions. There was once voluntary membership, but in practice this meant that inactive members reaped the same benefits from the organization as did those who were paid up. Today every teacher in Alberta must be a member of the A.T.A.

The disciplinary committee of the A.T.A. deals mainly with minor violations of the rules. Teachers should be careful to give notice at the proper times, Mr. Barnett said. They must also be prepared to gamble on the possibilities of obtaining better situations at higher salaries, and not hesitate to give notice if they have such prospects in view.

The structure of the A.T.A. consists of sub-locals, which send representatives to local groups. These in turn may look for assistance to provincial central groups. Both district and central locals may send delegates to the annual Easter meeting.

The guest speaker showed various articles of interest, and read over the original platform of the A.T.A., showing how most of the proposals contained in it had been put into effect.

In conclusion, he stressed the importance of leadership and executive experience. Many men who have taken part in the activities of the A.T.A. have become outstanding authorities in the field of education. The class president thanked Mr. Barnett for his address, and after some questions and general discussion by Dr. La-Zerte and others, the meeting adjourned.

The Physics Club will meet on Thursday, Dec. 11, at 7:15 p.m., in Arts 111.

The speaker for the evening will be A. H. Hall, who will speak on Auxiliary Aircraft Devices for Improvement of Airplane Control. This will be a qualitative discussion of methods by which the efficiency of aeroplanes wings has been increased in recent years.

Officer Overseas Tells of Friends

From letter dated October 26th, 1941, from Lieut. L. J. Brown, 3rd Canadian Field Park Company, Royal Engineers with the 3rd Canadian Division, Overseas.

(PASSED BY CENSOR)
At present I am up in the Highlands of Scotland, but by the time you get this letter will probably be back with the unit again. I am very busy, but am keeping well and working hard. Also here are Harper Frowse, Frank Johnson, who was an assistant in the Math. Department, and Dick Crawley. . . . I cannot say anything about the place here very much, but was in Fort William yesterday afternoon and evening, which is the jumping-off place in peace time when visiting Ben Nevis. I find the Scottish people very friendly, and I like them very much. Fort William is quite a small place, but we managed to secure a terrific tea and went to a show. Please excuse the irregularity of my letters, but so far conditions for letter writing

Lieut. L. J. Brown



Battleship Fund Is Undertaken

Certain intrepid students on the campus of the University of Alberta have already rallied under the vicious blows dealt by the Japanese in the sinking of the Repulse and the Prince of Wales. These students have started a fund—a battleship fund. Thirty-seven cents have already been collected, but when it was found out that capital ships cost about forty millions of dollars they were slightly taken aback. However, their spirit is to be lauded, and they have refused to take their money back. The fund will be carried on by The Gateway and the proceeds will be given to the Christmas Fund campaign.

C.O.T.C. Closes Term Activities

The term draws to a close, and the activities of the C.O.T.C. and the Auxiliary Battalion do likewise. On Dec. 13 the last parade before Christmas will be held, and it will be a punishment parade at that.

As the miscreants of the unit drill in ignominy, they will no doubt dream of the many long days ahead during which they will not have to think of four o'clock parades, punishment parades, squad drill with arms, or equipment cleaning.

Parades will recommence on Jan. 5, and the training will be continued according to syllabus.

Medicals Saw Anatomy Film

Thursday evening brought about another meeting of the Medical Undergraduate Society. A good portion of the M.U.S. members attended, filling the amphitheatre of M158, and a lively session ensued.

The main attraction of the evening appeared in two films of interest to our potential medicos, entitled "The Anatomy of the Abdominal Viscera" and "The Anatomy of the Abdominal Wall."

Business meeting was marked by a heated discourse on proposed amendments to the constitution of the society. At the close of the proceedings, which were headed by Pres. Ken Gibbons, the gang partook of the usual refreshments.

Nichols to Play Organ Coming Sunday Evening

Once again Prof. L. H. Nichols, the official University organist, will offer an hour of organ music on Sunday evening next, in Convocation Hall. This program, which is always so much appreciated by music lovers, or by anyone else who likes to listen and relax to the strains of beautiful organ music, will begin at 9:10 p.m., and a silver collection will be taken at the door.

For a long time Mr. Nichols has thrilled Varsity audiences and over-town enthusiasts with his beautiful music, and this Sunday's recital will probably see another enthusiastic turnout.

Program of the recital will include:
Fantasia in FMozart
Gavotte in GWesley
Variations on three Ancient
Christmas CarolsBoely
Carol on Puer Nobis Nascitur

Bohemian CarolGuilmant
Shepherds in the Fields. Otto Malling
Petit PastoralRavel
Le Petite BergerDebussy
Organ Sonata in D Minor for two performersMerkel
(To be played by Victor E. Graham and Mr. Nichols.)

Rare Zoology Text Raffled

When someone SELLS tickets on a raffle, that's something, but when they GIVE tickets for a raffle away, that's stupendous. And that is what happened in the Zoology 51 lab. on Tuesday afternoon, when Dr. Rowan raffled off a text-book to several of his students. It seems that these text-books are few and far between, and as a result the class is sadly short of same. So Dr. Rowan had two, and one was a new one, which is the best one, so he gave the other away. But rather than seem unfair in his choice, Dr. Rowan offered to raffle the book, which he did, and lucky Mr. Day was the winner of same.

The books, which come from England, are a necessary part of the course, but they are very rare. As a result, several of the students have to share the texts, which is probably just as well, because they cost \$8.75!

NOTICE

The next and last Gateway before Christmas will be published on Dec. 19th. This will be the Special Christmas Edition.

Support the Christmas Fund Broadcast Over CKUA Tonight

THE GATEWAY



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ALL has been changed in the twinkling of an eye.

A war that was far away is knocking very rudely at our doors. The Edmonton Journal plays up the claim that "Edmonton is just about the safest place in the world right now." Most people are a little more apprehensive of the situation than this paper. The Americans believed a Japanese attack east of its far western possessions almost impossible, yet the first blow fell on Hawaii. Again, foreign aeroplanes were reported over San Francisco; our western air command stated that an attack on our coast was imminent. We must not be guilty of over optimism.

THE WAR
DRAWS CLOSER

Nor should we be guilty of over pessimism. The Japanese moves are quick blows executed against an enemy taken cunningly unaware. Their first hasty victories may never again happen. But we should not prepare for happy circumstances; rather our labors should be directed to meet the worst eventualities. Too often in the past have we seen that it has been the latter that ultimately transpire.

The Ottawa government has taken prompt action for the active defense of the Pacific Coast. That its action has been adequate we sincerely hope. If it is not adequate, the fault will lie with the administration, for the people stand ready to make the greatest sacrifices for the safety of North America.

Mr. Mackenzie King's speech of Monday night was indeed disappointing. It was, in brief, a condemnation of the action of Japan, and a justification of our position. Most of us have taken the arguments for our actions for granted, and much of the speech might have been left unsaid. What we did want to hear, however, was an appeal to the Canadian people to give all their might to a vigorous prosecution of this new war. After all, Canada was the first country to actually declare a state of war with Japan. We must be equally enthusiastic in waging wars as in declaring them.

Our own University needs to be put on a new war footing. Many young men now attending University would be of greater service to the country if they were in uniform. Necessary as lawyers, arts graduates, commerce graduates and agriculture graduates may be to society, soldiers are a more immediate need. Any student who believes that he is of greater service to his country by saving his own person to help remake post-war society, is guilty of self-deception. He has not the stuff to command respect as a leader in post-war society. Men who have fought will not tolerate being led by shirkers. But, thank goodness, these individuals are few.

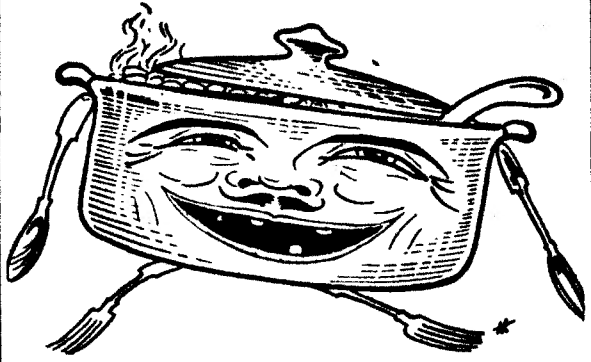
The undergraduates of this University, we believe, stand ready to make any sacrifice required. Many wish to go on active service in the immediate future. Undoubtedly the University will co-operate in arranging the temporary termination of their studies.

Men have often said that they have stood at a crossroad in history. We today stand in such a time. But we must not become awed spectators; rather we must be active participants in the new course. Individually we are weak, but together we are able to turn back the tide.

JAPAN has chosen to fight a war which she is bound to lose. She may withstand the Anglo-American world, but she will nevertheless be a loser in the long run. For it is doubtful that she will ever rise to a position of true pre-eminence. She is slowly being made subordinate to the will of an all-powerful Germany. Like Italy, Roumania and Hungary, Japan will become another jackal state eating the scraps that fall from the well-provisioned German table.

JAPAN HAS CHOSEN

CASSEROLE



As the buck said to the doe: "Some fawn, eh, kid."

Joe—Did you hear about the English nurse who was recently awarded the George Cross for distinguished service?

Bill—No. What did she do?
Joe—She brought down twenty Jerries all by herself.

"If Minnie in Indian means water, what does Minnesota mean?"
"Oh, hell! You poor goof—it means sota water."

Preacher—And what parable do you like best?
College Boy—The one about the multitude that loaf and fishes.

Jim—I couldn't sleep at all last night.
Betty—What, insomnia?
Jim—No, the shade was up.
Betty—Why didn't you pull it down?
Jim—I couldn't reach across the street.

Confucius say: "People who live in glass houses, shouldn't."

Bird in tree—Here comes the farmer who chased us out of his garden yesterday. I wonder if he'll recognize us?

Second Bird—I don't know. I'll see if I can catch his eye.

Mac—I glanced over Gray's Anatomy last night.
Jim—Grace who?

A travelling salesman stopped at a farm.
He knew he hadn't oughter;
The farmer laughed, "It's one on you,
I haven't got a daughter."

Then there was the Freshette who tried to work her way through college by selling Saturday Evening Posts, but—all the boys wanted to take Liberties.

Give a chorus girl an inch and she has a costume. Whui!

Jim—How are you?
Betty—I couldn't be better.
Jim—Like hell.

Attention H-Aggies:
Dupe—Why is milk?
Stupe—Be-cows.

Then there was the one about the lady at the banquet—ah, see last month's Reader's Digest.

"Have you ever been terribly, terribly cold?"
"No."
"Have you ever been terribly, terribly hungry?"
"No. Why?"
"Well, do your share! Support the Christmas Carnival on Saturday. Buy a ticket on the swell radio. Help those who are needy. Be a sport."
This is no joke.

Hitler has soft-pedalled his inner notions of the Japanese people. In Mein Kampf, a book which with remarkable candor discloses the opinions of Hitler and other German leaders, the Japanese are pictured in anything but flattering terms. The Japanese are a nation sterile of the power to create culture. Without the western world, Japan would soon cease to progress. There is the implication that Japan, in any world dominated by a powerful Germany, would be wholly dependent on this western master.

Japan's only hope is for a Germany, weakened by the wars in Europe, being unable to cope with her. That Japan would face a victorious Germany is highly improbable.

The ominous warning given Japan by President Roosevelt for her peace envoy that Japan was on Germany's list before the United States, went unheeded. The United States was prepared to make great concessions to Japan for the satisfaction of the needs of her people, greater concessions than Germany may ever accord her, if she would renounce aggression. The President's and the Secretary of State's words had no more effect than drops of water on a hot stone. The Japanese, it appears, had laid their design for war before the peace envoy had been dispatched. His job was to throw dust in the eyes of the American people while the plans for a lightning war were being laid.

Japan, then, will at best become a second-rate power in the Germanic constellation. The worst that can happen is her defeat by the United States and Great Britain. And that depends on us. But either way, Japan loses.

Penny

By Secord Jackson

The air was crisp and the streets were covered with a brand new blanket of bunny-wool snow, that day I stepped into the street-car and met Penny. She was such a tiny little thing, huddled in a worn brown coat fastened at the neck with a huge safety pin. Her tan-colored ribbed stockings were covered with untidy darns, and her black shoes were almost solesless. She wore no gloves, and as I watched her from my seat across the aisle, I was amazed at the filth of those tiny blue hands.

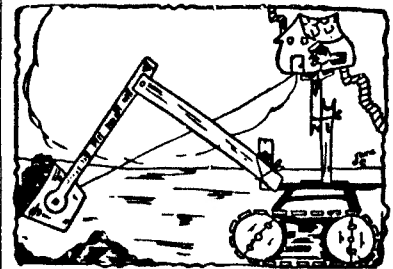
I had never seen the child before, but she crept into my heart and stayed, as I watched her curly brown head turn and glance shyly at the beautifully dressed young woman sitting beside her. The woman was wearing one of those smooth fur coats that feel so nice when you run your hand over them, and she was holding a pink-clad, be-furred and obviously spoiled young three-year-old on her knee. Little Penny seemed lost in admiration of the sullen baby and the soft fur coat.

She reached out and stroked the small velvet overshoe on the baby's sturdy legs—and received a sharp look from the fur coat lady as her reward. But Penny's interest was not to be discouraged; she just grinned and rubbed her grubby paw lovingly over the brown smoothness of the fur coat—and the coat promptly moved from her reach. Still undaunted, she leaned over to smile at the pink bundle, playfully pretending to bite at the baby's mitt—and received a quick slap from the fur coat lady.

This time Penny seemed to realize that somehow she had annoyed the woman, and a bewildered look spread over her tiny face. It was too much for me. I reached over and said: "Come on, Penny, you can sit with me now," and gave the woman one of the most withering looks I have ever given anyone. And Penny turned into my waiting arms and buried her nose in the roughness of my collar and crawled into my heart to stay.

The fur coat lady and her pink pet left the street-car at the next corner, and Penny got off soon after. She never told me her name, but I call her Penny, because she was so small and dirty and brown, but I knew how she would shine with a little care.

EXCLUSIVE



British intelligence agents managed to secure the above photograph at the risk of their lives. It is a picture of the new secret weapon with which the Japanese claim they can defeat the great democratic powers allied against them. The Intelligence Service has released that the new weapon is to be used exclusively by the Nipponese Propaganda Agency, the Donnie News Agency and the Imperial Order for the Throwing of Male Bovinity. Allied statesmen are agreed that there is little to fear from this weapon, as it is neither dangerous or new to the democratic peoples. Since the beginning of the war, and even before that, the free peoples of the world have been exposed to the fire of a similar but much larger weapon stationed in Berlin and controlled directly by Dr. Goebbels.

AN ARABIAN PROVERB

Contains 56 words, but using only 16 different words

He who knows and knows he knows knows,
He is wise—Follow Him.

He who knows and knows not he knows,
He is asleep—Wake Him.

He who knows not and knows not he knows not,
He is a Fool—Shun Him.

He who knows not and knows he knows not,
He is a child—Teach Him.

IF THEY WOULD ONLY—

—Put escalators in the Arts and Med buildings. Just think of the energy we would save (for study?).

—Guarantee everyone at least a pass mark in everything. I know some of you don't need to worry but—er—oh—speak for yourself, Johnny, speak for yourself.

—Provide robots to take our places for army drill. Need more be said?

—Keep us alert by providing free cokes between lectures. Someone has also suggested he would appreciate the installation of a canteen in the basement of the Arts. Of course, I don't doubt but that he is thinking of a milk bar.

—Persuade the Students' Union to charter a bus as a means of transportation to all formals. All in favor?

—Put zippers on our tunics and throw those buttons to be shined into the melting pot.

—Convince some people in Chem. Lab. that our lungs can't be compared to the stomach of "Mary's William Goat." You know the song—the chorus ends, "It's stomach was lined with zinc."

—Adopt daylight saving time—change eight o'clock lectures to nine. What would we gain? Need you ask?

CECIL J. C. DAVIS.

hurricane--

by corwin pine

(Note.—This is an experimental novelty. It was composed by taking excerpts from the Picturesque Speech page of the Readers' Digest over a period of about six months, and placing them in the barest framework of a plot. The result, if it does nothing more, should at least demonstrate some of the effects that can be achieved by putting words together.)

Dusk. In New York Bay, the fog was beginning to creep in slowly from the sea on little cat-feet. Small clamping tugs, important as pouter pigeons, nosed about, sirens wailing. Up in the sky-scrappers, old scrub-women were filling their buckets with footprints.

An incoming freighter, browned by rust and horny with barnacles of far seas, passed the Staten Island ferry to starboard. On her high bridge, the commander, his face rugged and harsh, filled with broken commandments, appeared like a gnome directing some pre-historic monster to its berth through the ooze of a primeval swamp. Thin, cold sleet fell with the nagging persistence of a toothache.

A small, white schooner, her sail half-set, trod the harbor traffic fairly. On her stern two lone figures were outlined dimly in the trailing vapor. A man, the collar of his short, double-breasted pea jacket turned up; his bold, handsome face of a modern Viking guiding his ship out of port to romance and far seas. Beside him a girl, standing as straight as the flame of a candle, a long, slim stalk of loveliness, her head poised as perfectly as the crest of a wave.

Fog horns queried melancholy questions. The white schooner, her tall, slender spars trailing in mist, faded slowly, outward bound. Night pulled down the curtain of twilight, and pinned it with a single star.

With the Bahamas far astern, the white schooner ran into a dead calm. Her sails flailed and chafed against the stays, as she wallowed and pitched in the eddies of windless air. She staggered drunkenly from the summit of one glassy swell to another, her decks awash with brine that smelled rotten in the oven-like air.

It was late afternoon when the girl came on deck, but the tropic night was already falling. As yet no breath of air stirred. The sea was as quiet as the licking of a cat's tongue; waves rippled with a motion as imperceptible as a baby falling asleep. Over their mirror-like expanse hung a grey-green mist that fore-shortened all horizons. The sky was a huge inverted bowl filled with molten lead.

Six bells struck; the three double notes tinkled faintly in depths of vapor. Men, groping at their tasks in the mist, collided with one another. The brine-rotten sea hissed in the scuppers.

Then, suddenly, the hurricane was there. One moment all was serene, the next the schooner, as though cuffed by a giant hand, was thrown on her beam ends. The young captain bawled an order along the slanting deck, but it was torn to shreds in little fragments of whispering by the blast that shrieked a threnody of furies through the strained rigging, and went screaming to leeward.

A bolt of lightning leaped from the sky. The schooner seemed suspended a moment in molten vapor. Scudding clouds swam in fire that fluttered from horizon to horizon like the network of a palsied, veined hand. Then darkness clamped down

with an impact that was almost tangible, a solid wall of black that moved with irresistible force.

Gripping the rail, the girl forced her way aft, inch by tortuous inch, toward the spot where the faint aureole of the binnacle light stabbed the darkness—an infinitesimal pinpoint of light in a world blotted out. The captain flung himself upon the helm, shouted an order. The helmsman vanished to execute it.

Rain came with a rush; the whole universe dissolved, collapsed into fluid. Great falling masses of water struck the extravagantly canted hull, and descended upon the girl in cataracts. By a flutter of lightning she saw, through a brilliantly blazing curtain of water, the double-reefed mainsail ripped away as if it were so much tissue paper.

In a pause between the savage drummings of the wind, she raised her face to windward. Rain drove into her eyes, mouth, nostrils, choking, blinding. That second's glance was almost fatal. She lost her precarious grasp on the poop railing, and clattered down the ladder to the deck. She struggled to rise, but the wind forced her against the deck, pouring down as out of a vacuum, suddenly released. She closed her lips tightly, but it drove into her nostrils, filled her lungs to bursting, pressed against her eyeballs, flattening them. In a frenzy she clawed at the wind with one hand to push aside the terrific compression, but her fingers closed on nothing.

An enormous wave piled up to windward. Its white roaring summit rushed upon the schooner from out the darkness. Desperately the girl took a turn with a rope's end about herself over a belying pin.

The valiant little boat rose to meet the roaring torrent, climbed its sheer slope to reach its crest before it broke. Tons of water collapsed over her bulwarks and raced down the deck. The girl was pinned under those bulwarks, held there by the awful crushing force of the deluge.

The whole ocean seemed to have come aboard. The schooner staggered down a blinding white wall, with only her two slender masts visible. The rest of the vessel was buried in fury-whipped, phosphorescent foam that illuminated the

ghastly sea for hundreds of yards in all directions, and against which the rigging and upper works hung traced like some fantastic spider's web ballooned by the gale. Here and there in that web human figures clung, like insects, in grotesque attitudes.

The water began to recede. With a gasp, the girl realized that she was being carried with it. The rope must have worked loose under the pounding of the sea! Her shout was clipped off by the gale, and lost in the immensity of conflict between sea and sky. Blinding tears of terror and helplessness mingled with the salt water. Ineffectually she struggled against the drag of the wave, but she was tossed along on its crest like a cork.

Then, with a rush, she was whirled into the white churning void, buffeted by opposing currents. Incredible things rushed through her mind in those last few moments. Of the past, the future, things that might have been.

Then came a period when her mind made its last protest. How much harder was this business of dying than living! It seemed as if a thousand needles were being driven into her tortured lungs. There was a great roaring in her ears. A scream of pain tore through her brain, beating its fluttering wings for articulation. She tore with her groping fingers at her eyelids for one last look at the stars that were not there.

Then, with a final blinding flash of consciousness, she saw in her mind's eye her husband's face, bold, hard, illuminated in the small circle of the binnacle light; a modern Viking fighting to save his ship and his crew, impersonal, dogged, fearless.

Dawn, beginning to prowl about the sky, putting out the stars. The wind had died away sullenly in low, rumbling mutterings. A gentle breeze sent the schooner bowling merrily along her way. The air was soft as the feel of flowers.

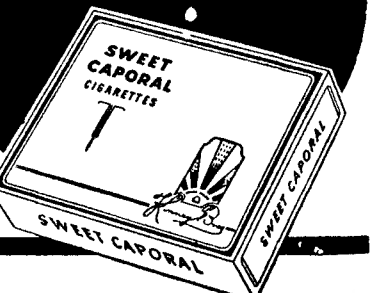
At the helm the man still stood. His voice shook like a taut rope as he gave his orders. But he was not alone at his post. Beside him there seemed to be the figure of a girl, wrapped in trailing mist, as straight as the flame of a candle, her head poised as perfectly as the crest of a wave. The two of them, just they two, went sailing across the vast, boundless ocean of nevermore.

And the sun rose, bringing a new day.

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War and the Arts Student

By L.B.G.

As the war goes on, men students whose academic training is not fitting them for any war occupation, are faced with a difficult problem. The minds of those who do any thinking about their situation in the present state of affairs are filled with questions which most of them are not able to answer. If we set down these problems and consider them rationally and disinterestedly, we should be able to find solutions for them.

The first question we ask ourselves is this: Have we the right to live in safety here, calmly going to classes, eating as much as we need, and enjoying undisturbed nights, while our fellow-countrymen in the forces overseas are constantly in danger and share none of the luxuries which we have taken for granted over here? We ourselves have rationalized to such an extent, and some people have told us so many times that we actually believe that we will be needed in "post-war reconstruction." We keep telling ourselves to put our minds at rest, because we are learning things which

will enable us to help rebuild the country after the war.

It would be well here to dispel any illusions we may have concerning this matter of reconstruction. In the first place, not all the "old soldiers" disappear from the face of the earth at the signing of a Peace Treaty. A great many of them come back to take an active part in the country's life. Most of Britain's leading statesmen today passed through (not around) the experience of the first World War. They are certainly better fitted to lead the nation by reason of that war experience than they would otherwise be. In the second place, the fellows who come back from this war, bereft of many of their former illusions, may not appreciate the "reconstruction" of the country by raw university students, who have not passed through the heat and trials of winning the day; the old soldiers will have their own ideas about national affairs, and will probably resent interference by puppy theorists whose only experience has been found in books. We should realize now that we are not as valuable as we like to think.

It is true that a number of us plan on enlisting when we are ready, i.e., when we have finished our preparations and received our degrees. But there are some who follow to its logical conclusion the theory of our use after the war, viz., that it would be taking the risk of not being able to contribute to reconstruction to expose themselves to the dangers of war. This group favors maintaining a discreet distance from the preservation of its precious skin. But, whatever lines of reasoning are followed, all are based on wishful thinking and rationalization. After we are "ready" to participate, there is a long period of training necessary before we are fitted to take our place as fighting men. It is not given to us to tell whether, by the time we are qualified, our belated efforts may be useless by their tardiness.

What is the point in training for a life after the war if, by staying out of the war, we are contributing to our possible defeat? We all know that the policy of Nazi subjugation begins with the liquidation of the more highly educated portion of a conquered country's population. There is certainly no object in continuing studies here, if there is a possibility that by so doing we are increasing the chances of our not being able to practise freely those studies at a later date.

There are some of us who avow that we would "join up" immediately if there were to occur a "need for men" as it is commonly put. We close our ears to the constant unsuccessful appeals to fill quotas, and we disregard the admonitions of authorities that we will probably be needed by the time that we are properly trained for combat or other duties. We gamble on the chances that the war will not have opened up before we complete our courses at University. Even veiled insinuations from the public as to our sense of duty do not dissuade us.

All these arguments, the reader will doubtless ask why, if we see the situation in that light, we do not act as we have implied we should act. The reason is partly selfishness, and partly a lingering idea that we are doing the right thing by continuing our studies. All our doubts would vanish if we were certain that our country would call us when she needed us. We would have no regrets about giving up our present comparatively luxurious existence if we realized that it was a wiser power, better acquainted with actual circumstances, which was doing the deciding for us. It requires some disinterested external agent to make our decisions in such a matter. The answer to all our questions is "Selective National Service."

An Open Letter to Jabez

University of Alberta,
December 12, 1941.Jabez,
University of British Columbia.

Dear Sir:

Mention was made in the November 12 issue of The Ubyssy of the fact that your column, "The Mummy," is frequently reproduced in The Gateway. In point of fact, it is nearly always reproduced in the Tuesday edition of The Gateway, and as editor of that paper I make no bones about the matter.

Personally, I enjoy your column very much, and have found that most other students on the campus feel the same way about it that I do. I regret very much that I neglected to acknowledge your authorship. I assure you it was an oversight on my part, an oversight for which I am humbly repentant. However, I feel that no harm can have been done, on our campus at least, by this neglect, because your column is so well known and so well liked that it is hardly necessary for your name to be attached.

It is with regret that I find the author of "One Man's Opinion" questioning the quality of our etiquette, but once again I state that it was an oversight.

So, Jabez, I thank you. Below I reproduce yet another of your columns, for which I thank you, knowing full well that many of the students of this University will enjoy just as well as I do.

Most sincerely yours,
JAMES S. WOODS,
Tuesday Editor.

The Mummy by Jabez

The C.O.T.C., once described as the only sick parade ever organized as a unit, stood sagging expectantly, waiting for the order to fall in.

Several enthusiasts fell in before the command was given, and had to be carried off to the showers, victims of anticipation.

But it was a beautiful sight. The cold brilliance of the sunshine brought out to the full the patriotic colours of the men: red noses, white jowls, and blue lips. N.C.O.s were running about nimbly or as nimbly as their tight trousers permitted. Then, suddenly, the order rang out: "C.O.T.C.—ON PARADE!"

We shuffled into what we laughingly called line, and waited breathlessly for the command, "Stand Easy." Standing easy is probably the one drill movement that we can be said to have mastered, with the possible exception of the dismiss, or its little brother, the break off. "Take up your dressing," snapped the Sergeant, testily.

I looked to see if my pants had fallen down again.

I was pleasantly surprised that gravity had not set in.

"Squaw, squaw, HUP!" barked the Sergeant.

Then he fastened me with a steely glare.

"Yes, Sergeant," I replied amiably. "Have you ever thought of trying 'Tums'?" They say they're wonderful for acid indigestion; burps to you.

"And nuts to you!" he snarled, his eyes gleaming evilly as they searched me for unbuttoned pockets.

Then his face lit up with a grisly glow.

"Who told you that you could wear a corsage today?" he hissed.

I blushed awkwardly.

"A lady friend of mine gave it to me," I admitted in a low voice. "I thought, seeing this was a ceremonial parade..."

"I don't care if it grew there," roared the Sergeant. "TAKE OFF THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS!"

"And stand at attention!" he added. "I am standing at attention! It's just this converted balloon barrage

I'm wearing that makes me look droopy."

"Brother, you would look droopy in a sarong!" he gritted.

"Only from the back, only from the back," I countered.

"OFFICERS—FALL IN!"

The Sergeant was obliged to retire from action as the officers stalked to their posts.

It is always important to note when your company is taken over by an officer. For, whereas the sergeant-major may yell, in a high falsetto:

"Company, stund ut hiss, Stund hissy!"

An officer may creep in unseen, and bellow throatily:

"Company, stund hat haze! Stund hazy!"

When you are expecting to be told to "stund hiss," and somebody comes along to tell you to "stund hazy," there is manifested that tendency toward both mental and physical frustration which causes cadets to pluck at the coverlets for days after a parade.

Soon we were marching down to the stadium. Marching with the C.O.T.C. is always a thrilling, novel experience, as we have more different steps than Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell combined. Last week we featured a special khaki conga line, with the primitive beat: one, two, three—ship, one, two, three—skip, one, two, three—puddle, etc.

With us, you either have rhythm or you get trampled to death.

In the stadium, we watched about ten minutes of rugby, and about forty-five minutes of bleacher blondes. Indeed, the men of the Corps seemed to be more interested in making plays than in watching them.

This brings up the question of the acquisition of a drum majorette for the C.O.T.C. Once we have the majorette, we can start thinking about the drum. This would not only boost army morale, but also protect civilian women from offensive action.

Somebody should approach Col. Shrum on this matter.

But don't approach too close.

Bryn Mawr Vignettes

Editor's Note: It is always the ambition of every co-ed at one time or another to attend a college like Bryn Mawr or Vassar, where the girls are dream girls and the clothes all come from Mademoiselle. Here a McGill co-ed writes to the McGill Daily about Bryn Mawr.

Living in a girls' dorm, attending a girls' school (and strictly girls at that), and doing graduate work has proved a somewhat unusual and novel experience for one H.B., late of McGill. After being here over a month, we feel much more qualified to write that column, "Not About Men," that was turned off the press weekly last year. For this Bryn Mawr College is certainly not about and not for men. It is a staunch feminine stronghold, and the 650 girls attending College represent all aspects of femininity. We found it somewhat difficult at first getting used to the idea of seeing nothing but girls on the campus. For days we walked around wondering where the engineers were, or the med students or even the artisans. Finally, we began to realize that these just did not exist at Bryn Mawr. And before long, we ourselves were looking quite amazed when a man crossed the campus. Such is the rapidity in which an atmosphere is imbued.

Co-education's the Thing

Still we're all for co-education. At the Graduate Hall where we're living are gathered together girls from all parts of the world—not only the most distant states in this country are represented, but also France, Germany, Italy and South America have all students here. Besides interesting social, political and economic discussions, the topic of co-education is often touched upon.

Those who have known a co-ed college in their undergraduate years are all one hundred per cent. for them. The others favour girls' schools. We tell them that is only because they don't know better.

Life, however, is proving very stimulating here. Bryn Mawr is situated in one of the wealthiest sec-

tions of the country, right near Philadelphia. We manage to go into that old historical city quite often, and each time find something new of interest either to see or do. Philadelphiaans are well aware of their city's history, and will gladly talk about their heritage. Our first day in a Family Society in a suburb of Philadelphia (where we do our social case work) provided us with some unforgettable memories of Philadelphia.

The First Day

We have often read about what went on in the city streets of a big American city, and especially in those areas where a good deal of social work is done. We had not been in the agency long, before we started out on our first case, in a particularly "shady" part of the town. As we walked along the streets, we thought about the latest murders we had read, and other such things. Just on turning a corner, we went smack bang into a young chap with an innocent-enough face, but who was sharpening an axe, and eyeing it in a lusty way. He looked at us and grinned, but needless to say we were already far down the street stringing our client's doorbell.

All the way there we had been practising, "the woman's name is Mrs. U. and she lives on D Street."

When the door opens, don't we say, "How do you do, Mrs. D." Yes, indeed, that was our introduction to social case work. We won't forget it.

A Bonnet and Cape

One of the things that has interested most of the girls living at the Graduate dorm here has been the terribly small cupboard space in the bedrooms. After all, girls with wardrobes that most certainly "Made-moiselle" would approve of, attend this college, and yet we wonder where they put their clothes. On investigating, we found out an interesting little fact about Bryn Mawr. It seems when it began (some 60-70 years ago), it was strictly a Quakers' school, and the girls who attended and lived in the dorms had only

their little bonnets and the traditional Quaker dress, and therefore did not need large cupboard space to accommodate all their clothing. This might only be a legend, but it sounds plausible. With the size of the wardrobe the average girl has at Bryn Mawr today, some enlargement of space has sure been necessary.

She's a Bryn Mawr Girl!

We were interested in looking into the stereotype notion and finding out just what the "typical Bryn Mawr girl" implied. The only characteristic we have seen that might be applicable is an abundance of sloppy sweaters, and hair falling over one's eyes. This we saw at McGill and others have claimed to have seen it on other campuses, and so we can make no contribution to "what does the Bryn Mawr girl look like?" When we were at Princeton on our way here, we found that the typical Princeton man could be spotted more easily. As for extra-curricular activities, they seem to resemble McGill's to a great extent. The newspaper is only a weekly one, however; but other activities remind us of our alma mater, except for the West Point men seen frequently on the campus here. This, I admit, is new.

A Part of a Whole

Although the college itself is situated in a very peaceful country-like district, yet we are near enough to a large city and have sufficient enough communication to be aware of the vital, active role United States is playing today in the world conflict. "Defence" is on the lips of everyone, and cries of "complete participation in the war" are heard. Labour's right to strike in defence industries, and Roosevelt's policy are ready topics of discussions. To all outward appearance, in this quiet almost secluded place, a scholar seems to be quite removed from life, and there are those who wish to live so; but, on the whole, the student feels that the academic side of her education is but one part only today, and does not exclude her from the larger scene.

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INFORMATION FROM ANY
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If You Tell a Lie Big Enough—

A Letter to the Editor in PM

Dear Editor: My father used to tell an old world story about a peasant woman who had borrowed an earthenware pot from a neighbor, and was afterwards accused of having damaged it. She indignantly denied the charge, and brought in witnesses

who swore:

"That the pot had been cracked when she borrowed it;

"That it was whole when she returned it;

"That she had never borrowed the pot nor had it in her possession.

So far as I can understand it, the present position of the America First Committee is something like this:

There is no harm in Hitler, but we hate him as much as you do.

The successive steps providing for national defense and increasing aid to Britain are all parts of a wicked shenanigan to edge a reluctant nation into an unnecessary war; but these measures have our loyal support.

All our contributors and financial backers are above reproach, but they do not like to have their names made public.

Anti-Semitism is most deplorable, but the damned Jews had better watch their step.

E. O. BACMEISTER.

New York.

Pharm-Phax

15 No. 18965 For: A Pharm Stude.

Take El Patio, sixty couples, plenty of good fellows and gals, some lively entertainment, snappy music and one whole night away from accounting, etc., and you have one of the best parties ever thrown by the Pharmacy Club. Repeat as often as possible, and throw in a few good supper meetings and you have the promise of a very eventful season as far as this club is concerned.

Dr. I. Killmewik.

Nov. 28/41.

15 No. 18966 For: A. Nother.

"THE TONIC"

Take the Pres, and that short, short trip home with Doris. Take one gold medalist from second year and ask him about "Saturday night stuff."

Take Mrs. Cohan and her boy Abie at Universal. Add a boy who walks home and wonders why Sprinkle liberally with a lecture that wasn't cancelled officially, and apply the whole to the affected part(ies).

Dr. Blank.

Nov. 29/41.

15 No. 18967 For: The Doc.

Take a small amount of common sense and a page from Miss Ferguson's book. Print less scandal and more news or more scandal and less pure news (depending on the patient's reaction). Mix with gossip, fresh from the laboratory, seasoned with wisdom distilled in Tuck. Add a bit of timely fact.

Misce flat mistura, secundum artem.

15 No. 18968 For: Cec.

"THE PAYOFF"

Where is that Frat. pin? Dr. Killmewik.

Dec. 1/41.

Any Pharmacy students having prescriptions similar to the above, and wishing advice on compounding the same, please leave them with Bill Moss, who will see they reach the doctor. All such prescriptions must be signed (no names will be divulged). Personal problems will be discussed by mail, phone, or private consultation.

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THEATRE DIRECTORY

FAMOUS PLAYERS

STRAND, Fri., Sat., Mon., Dec. 12, 13, 15—Bing Crosby and Bob Hope in "Rhythm on the Range," and William Boyd in "Secrets of Wasteland."

CAPITOL, now showing—"The Feminine Touch," with Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche and Kay Francis. Coming Sat.—"Lady, Be Good."

EMPRESS, now showing—"Target For Tonight," that stirring picture of the R.A.F.; also "Blues in the Night," with Priscilla Lane, Lloyd Nolan and Betty Field, also featuring Jimmy Lunceford and Orchestra, Will Osborne and Orchestra.

GARNEAU, now showing—"Navy Blues," with Jack Oakie and Martha Raye; also "Girls of the Road," and "Let's Make Music," with Bob Crosby, the "Bobcats" and Jean Rogers.

PRINCESS, now showing—"That Night in Rio," with Alice Faye, Don Ameche and Carmen Miranda; also the East Side Kids in "Flying Wild."

ODEON THEATRES

RIALTO, now through Friday—Bud Abbot and Lou Costello in "Keep 'Em Flying," with Martha Raye.

VARSONA, for three days starting Wednesday—"City For Conquest," starring James Cagney and Ann Sheridan, and "Public Deb No. 1," with George Murphy and Brenda Joyce.

AVENUE, for three days starting Wednesday—"Come Live With Me," starring James Stewart and Hedy Lamarr, and "Let's Make Music," with Bob Crosby, the "Bobcats" and Jean Rogers.

ROXY, for three days starting Wednesday—"The Doctor Takes a Wife," starring Loretta Young with Ray Milland, and "Tin Pan Alley," with Alice Faye and Betty Grable.

EXCLUSIVE



Above is an exclusive picture of the Emperor of Japan received today over The Gateway Telephoto Service. The picture was taken just after the Japanese military powers had browbeaten the divine emperor into another "incident." A certain American aspirin company reports that its shipments are still getting through to Japan.

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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

C.O.T.C. Forges Over R.C.A.F. To Win 36-31

NOTICE

The Newman Club announces that a skating party will be held on Thursday, Dec. 11th, at the Varsity skating rink. Members will meet in St. Joseph's Auditorium at 7:45, and will proceed to the rink. Admission: One Campus A Card.

Tune into CKUA Thursday night at 10 p.m. for the big Christmas Fund Broadcast.

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Varsity Team Ties Air Force Then Goes Ahead in Winning Streak, Defeating Boys in Blue

Play Number One Depot Team in Athabaska Gymnasium
HAD TO FIGHT BACK MOST OF WAY
Short, Swift Passing Type of Game

Coming through with that "do or die" college spirit in the fourth quarter, Varsity C.O.T.C., otherwise known as the Golden Bears basketball team, tied up a thrilling basketball game, and then forged ahead in the last few minutes to defeat the No. 4 Depot R.C.A.F. team 36-31 at Athabaska gym Saturday afternoon.

The game was the first in a series to be played between these two squads this winter.

Saturday's game had plenty of thrills, spills and speed were packed in throughout the entire game. The highlight of the game was an individual exhibition of basketball by one Sandy Milton of the R.C.A.F., who formerly played with the famous St. Andrew's of Winnipeg. Besides giving a very polished performance, he scored 20 out of his team's 31 points, and was the outstanding player on the floor. He was simply dynamite whenever he got the ball. In fact, it wasn't until after the second half got under way when Coach Bob Fritz sent in lanky Bill Kyle to pay strict attention to Mr. Milton, that the Bears started to catch up. The red-headed Kyle did a fine job of keeping his eye on the blond flash from Manitoba.

Varsity had to fight back most of the game as they were down 10-5 at the end of the first quarter, behind 16-11 at half-time, and went into the third quarter trailing 22-25. Varsity presented a snappy passing game that enabled them to work in close most of the time. But against this the airmen had a defence that was outstanding; in fact, it was as tough as one as the Bears would run across in any team. The airmen stuck to their checks like leeches, and forced the Varsity boys to drop their short passing game on many occasions, so effective was the air force defense. The play opened very fast, as both teams rushed up and down the floor. Bob Dumont opened the score for Varsity on a nice shot from close in. Milton came right back to notch two baskets in a row. Sammy Schechter, a Bear stalwart, was awarded a penalty shot, which he made good. Then Milton and Hill came back to score two baskets. Just before the quarter ended Dumont got a second

basket; Milton followed with two quick baskets, to give the air force a 10 to 5 lead.

In the second quarter both sides checked very closely, but Varsity managed to hold a slight edge. Both teams scored six points; Milton with two, Armstrong with one, for the R.C.A.F. squad. Bob Dumont and Fay Anderson netted baskets for Varsity. The R.C.A.F. were still leading 16-11 when half-time was called.

With the opening of the second half there was speed galore, Varsity forcing most of the play. They dropped their short passing play and proceeded to pluck baskets from some distance out. Demetrie Elefthery, Fay Anderson and the lanky Bill Kyle each scored baskets with beautiful long shots, while Bob Dumont continued his scoring with two more baskets. Elefthery added another one on a penalty shot when Hill was charged with a foul. In the first few minutes of this half, Varsity was able to hold the rest of the air force team, but they didn't quite stop Milton, for he put on a great exhibition by dropping three baskets and one penalty shot almost in a row.

This was enough for Coach Bob Fritz, and he proceeded to send in Bill Kyle to take over the checking chores of A.C.L. Milton, who was really doing some nifty bombing with that basketball pill. From this point on Varsity outscored the birdmen by 11-9 to bring the score to 25-22 against them.

With the gap slowly closing between them, Varsity went into the last quarter determined to catch up, and set up a terrific pace to outscore the airmen 14-6. Demetrie Elefthery led them with six points, Ed Patching, Jack Larsen and Fay Anderson also counting. These points were all snared on lovely long shots. Kyle took off a few minutes from his checking duties to also drop in a couple of baskets. It was Jack Larson's nice throw that put Varsity on even terms with the birdmen. Barnett and Parks then attempted to bring the airmen into the thick of it once more, by each whipping in baskets, but Elefthery, Patching and Elefthery scored in that order to cinch the game. The Bears resorted to their short passing play in the last couple of minutes to hang on to the ball and prevent the air force from scoring.

While play was fast and hard, only eight penalties were called, five against the airmen and two against the Varsity squad. Both squads exhibited fine sportsmanship throughout the contest.

Milton, with his 20 points, was probably the outstanding man on the floor, while Bob Dumont with 12 gave a great performance, closely followed by Anderson with six and Elefthery with nine points respectively, while Kyle also stood out. In fact, everyone turned in a nice game. After the game Coach Bob Fritz stated that he was very pleased with the showing of his club. He was particularly pleased with the spirit and fight of the boys. As soon as the players get used to playing with each other and with a few more practices, he figures they are going to go places. He had praise for the R.C.A.F. squad, and was quite enthusiastic about Milton, of the air force team.

Next game to be played Saturday, Dec. 13, at the gym, 3:00 p.m.
Varsity—Schechter (1), Switzer,

Interfac Hockey Hockey League Bow Wednesday

Engineers and Med-Pharm-Dents Play Opener

DR. SHOEMAKER TO DROP PUCK

Four Teams in "A" League

The new Interfac Hockey League makes its bow to the students Wednesday night with two scheduled games. There are only four teams entered in the "A" League, and these will see action Wednesday.

Dr. Shoemaker, one of the keenest backers of hockey on this campus, will drop the puck at the opening whistle, and from then on we can promise two lively tussles. The teams have not had much opportunity to work out as yet, and coaches and managers are still undecided as to starting lineups. The games will provide ideal tests of strength, and enable the various coaches to get a line on the play.

Bud Chesney is the playing coach of the Engineers, and he heads a team that includes several well-known veterans of local and campus battles. Pitted against the Engineers, and guaranteeing to hand out as much or more than they receive, are the Med-Pharm-Dents, headed by hard driving Bruce McKay. McKay's team features some flashy newcomers to the campus, who are already seasoned campaigners after years of hockey in other arenas.

The Ags-Com-Law will tangle with Arts in the other game of the evening, and this will provide some high-class puck-chasing and plenty of the rough and ready spirit. Ags-Com-Law are out gunning for a clean sweep of interfac athletics this year, after already sewing up the rugby championship. They've made a good start in basketball, and figure they can repeat. Bob Schrader is the man at the Ag-Com-Law helm, and he figures he might just turn the trick. They're meeting tough opponents in the Arts team, however. Arts is the largest faculty on the campus, and there is no little material to draw from. They have always been a fighting team, and are headed this year by Jack Quigley, star with the Calgary Stampeders last season. That means plenty, and, all in all, adds up to some very fine hockey.

Ags Trim Meds In 39-17 Win

The Meds fielded only six men, being severely handicapped by the recent split with the Dents. The hard work of canvassers Monday afternoon failed to augment the total. Despite desperate play, the Meds were easily mowed down by the Ags sharpshooters. They couldn't click on their numerous opportunities to score and, lacking substitutes, tired early.

Aggies fielded much the same team as last year, and used the same strategy to pile up a 39-17 win. Christie and Taylor combined to net most of the points, while the other fellows got in there and helped. Feeling between the two teams was a little strained, and play was exciting, though rugged, as a result. Reikie and Nichols were the bad men of the evening, each getting three personal fouls. Taylor netted 12 points, Christie 11 for the Ags, a total of 23 out of the 39 between them. Reikie and MacDonald led the Med attack with 7 points apiece.

Lineups:
Ags—Taylor (12), Allen (8), Nichols, Hill (6), Blackwood, Davidson (2), Hoskins, Christie (11), Olson.
Meds—McBeth, Reikie (7), Tredger (2), McDonald (7), Porter (1), Bradley.

Dumont (12), Patching (2), Larson (2), McGinnis, Anderson (6), Golden, Kyle (4), Geehan, Shortliffe, Elefthery (9). Total, 36.

R.C.A.F. — Jackson, Mason (2), Milton (20), Hill (2), Grant (1), Curry, Armstrong (2), Barnett (2), McBeth, Young, Hamil, Park (2). Total, 31.

Evenly Matched Engineers and Dents In Rough, Tough Game; Dents Win

The Engineers and Dents were evenly matched, and dished out a game of rough and ready basketball. The game was ragged from both ends, or from any other angle. The Dents emerged from this high-stepping, side-stepping tussle at the short end of a 28-25 count. Plenty of enthusiasm was in evidence, however, and both teams were fighting for a win, using no little energy in trying to do so. Each team had a similar method of working up a score—moving in with short passes and then flipping to ball to one man to dash in for the score. Mainfold was high scorer for the Engineers, garnering 18 points, while Warshawski bagged 13 points for the Dents.

Lineups:
Eng.—Bernstein (2), Mainfold (18), Cornicw, Steed, Gibson (3), Scott (2), McLean (3), Chizin.
Dents — Warshawski (13), Dixon (2), Eastwood (4), Short (2), Walkey (4), Arnes.

These games, viewed from the point of basketball and support from the student body were disappointing. All teams had difficulty in rounding up players, due to the current press of Christmas examinations, and all teams showed a dire need for practice.

However, it was a great opportunity for the fellows to get out and throw a ball around and have a little fun, and that should be sufficient.

Bears Edge Out Boosters 33-28 At MacDougall Gym Tuesday In Second Game of Season

Elefthery and Sheckter Form Smooth Passing Combination

BOOSTERS AHEAD AT HALF

Varsity Settles Down in Second Half

Coming through for their second win in as many starts, Varsity's Golden Bear hoopsters chalked up another hard-earned victory against the Boosters. The game was played Tuesday night in MacDougall gym. Behind at half-time, the Bears had to fight all the way for their close 33-28 win.

Boosters quickly forged ahead in the first quarter, with Walker, Danylowich and McClocklin doing some very handy shooting to net 13 points. Elefthery and Dumont clicked for six from the Alberta point of view, but the early lead of the Boosters shook the boys somewhat, and they settled down to earning points the right way. Boosters were still in front at half-time, 17-14.

Varsity netted 19 points in the last half to clinch the game. Boosters favored the long shot, rush in and drop the rebound sort of game, and though this worked for the early moments of the game, the Varsity defense tightened up to lessen the scoring considerably in the last half.

Highlight of the Bears attack was the smooth passing between Elefthery and Sheckter. Elefthery picked up a dozen points from this combination. Sheckter netted four. Dumont was a high scorer for the Bears, and showed himself as an accurate shot, dropping the ball from various angles on long shots, to run up a total of 11 points.

Play in the game was a little rough, Boosters losing the services of Tomich for four personal fouls. These two games—that played last Saturday with the air force and the game with the Boosters—are serving to condition the Bears, and place them on their mettle for the series with Saskatoon. Bob Fritz is keeping them at it, and they are developing into a smooth team.

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Plan Faculty-Senior Girls Hoop Tourney

Here's news of importance! The Faculty vs. Senior Girls' basketball game, one of the highlights of our carnival week, is definitely scheduled for eight o'clock Friday night. This game is a great show, and is staged to help raise funds for our Christmas hampers. Up till press time the members of the powerful Faculty team were still a mystery, cloaked in doubt, or, in other words, no line-up had been released.

The reason for this strategic move is at once apparent. The girls' team is a known quantity; the Faculty are counting on the elements of surprise and superior brain work to defeat the girls in a sudden all-out offensive. They have closely studied the principles of war, and expect to suffer no casualties. A sudden and diversified attack on all fronts, or rather on the basket at the end of the floor, will bring quick victory.

The girls' ack-ack is said to be strong, but Bomber Fritz and his fellows, flying low, should encounter little difficulty in this direction.

"We make no promises, but we are counting on surprise," said Mr. Fritz at press time, again emphasizing the fact that the Faculty are counting on surprise.

An examination of the records reveals a strange and disturbing fact. This Mr. Fritz is coach of the girls' team as well! There is no doubt, then, that things will be on the up and up. The game will be hilarious from start to finish, so ease off studies and drop around to aid the Christmas Fund.

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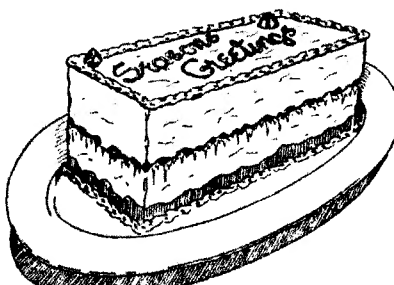
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